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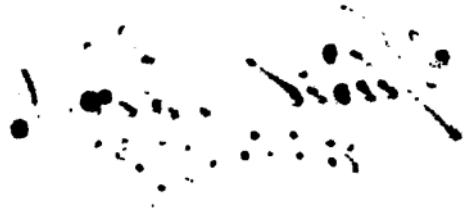
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1. Scenery, American.

2. Spiritualism - Communication,

Spirit Level

N.B.
Henck



SPIRIT VOICES:

ODES,

c. l. e.
DICTATED BY

SPIRITS OF THE SECOND SPHERE.

FOR THE USE OF

HARMONIAL CIRCLES.

E. C. HENCK, MEDIUM.

Sweet voices from the upper spheres,
Breathe over earth their thrilling lays,
Their soothing tones have banished fears,
And filled the soul with fervent praise.

THIRD EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY G. D. HENOK;
160 Arch Street.
1855.

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SPIRIT VOICES

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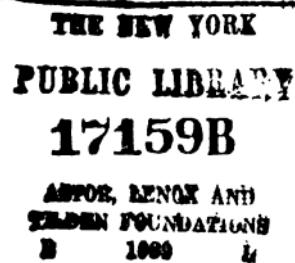
CHURCHES

CHURCHES

BY JOHN W. BROWN

CHURCHES

CHURCHES



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P R E F A C E.

THE poetry, thus presented to the public, has been published in obedience to the directions of its authors

It has been given, from time to time, to Circle A. of Philadelphia, by Spirits of the Second Sphere, through the alphabetic card, and has been printed without alteration or correction—in most cases, it has been received so rapidly as to render it impossible for an expert penman to transcribe it in full; the medium has never written poetry, and has been repeatedly surprised at the ease and rapidity, with which she now receives it.

In some instances, tunes have been proposed by members, and, in a few minutes, words were received adapted to them—such, and some other familiar tunes, have been designated, for the purpose of assisting Circles in the selection of music.

It is well known to all friends of the Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy, that singing is an essential aid in the promotion of harmony—our instructors have desired that these odes should be published for the use of circles, as they have, in them, embodied sentiments proper to be cherished by all seekers after the wisdom, love, and truth of the higher spheres of existence, now being revealed by the angelic dwellers of those celestial habitations.

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TO THE UNINITIATED IN THE BEAUTIES OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

MORTALS, arise, for the day of truth is dawning. Why slumber in darkness when the bright luminary of truth sheds its beams in your midst? Why seek ye not the intercourse with spheres above? Why strive ye not to draw down the wisdom from on high? Many seek not, because they deem the subject enshrouded in mystery, and that some outward association is necessary to open the gates, and allow the spiritual visitors to enter into earthly homes. Be ye wise, and understand that it is not outward assistance that renders communication possible, but know that the true initiation is the growth, the harmonious expansion of the interior principle of man—his spirit; through *its* development, he shall gather heavenly treasures.

Harmony is the essential principle of all associations—the law of affinity is active throughout all portions of creation, therefore harmonious beings cannot be attracted where discord exists. With this lesson of truth for the foundation of your action in seeking light from spiritual spheres, ye may hope for success to crown your efforts. It needs not that a developed medium should be in your midst, but it is generally necessary that harmonious minds, having aspirations for *truth*, should be gathered into one holy bond of union.

It is better, not to have the circle exceed *fourteen* in number, but it is not necessary that there be that many—if that number of candid seekers for truth can not be found, it is well to begin with a few, and gradually increase, as harmonious individuals are attracted towards you. To ensure rapid progression, it is requisite that the circle should meet as frequently as possible—at least, once in each week; each member should feel it a duty to be present regularly, at the appointed time. To render harmony complete, the members of the circle should be seated closely together, therefore, if there be but few, it is well to dispense with the use of a table, and to sit closely, as possible, and at equal distances.

The next essential principle; minds must be concentrated upon the *same* subject. Singing is an important harmonizer of the feelings, for music awakes a ready response in every soul. The reading of spiritual communications will also be found effective, in bringing the mind to a proper state of exaltation and harmony—*general* conversation on spiritual subjects should be free, but all *discussion* must be avoided.

There should be no fear, but a passive feeling should be induced, that the physical and spiritual systems may be moulded by the gentle influence of the Spirit Land—yield willingly to that influence in whatever way it may be experienced, for it will adapt itself to the peculiar organism of the subject to be controlled.

Be assured, if these directions be followed, wisdom and peace shall envelope you with their holy atmosphere, and the heavenly dew of love be showered on your souls.

When communications be at first received, be cautious in giving them full weight, until the medium is brought under our control—mediums, in the early stages of development, are, in many cases, excitable, and there is much probability that the communications will be tintured with their own prejudices and affections. When communications are received on important subjects, it is well to submit questions in relation to them, to different, well-developed mediums; thus, by comparison, shall the light be perceived.

Reason must not be laid aside, in the investigation of this all important subject; infallibility is claimed not by spirits of the second sphere, therefore, say they unto you,—reason on all things, and receive that, which is in harmony with the principles of Nature.

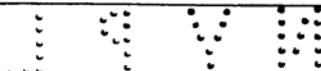
It is the mission of angels to point out the duty of mortals, and to assist in its performance, and it is the duty of mortals to strive to know the object of their existence, and to fulfil its requirements, therefore, let all haste to partake of the knowledge which shall truly bless them.

This communication we desire to have published with the poetry, designed for the use of circles; we have deemed it well, that the conditions on which intercourse depends should be made known therewith, that, wherever that book may find its way, there may also be scattered the seeds of knowledge, from which, shall spring up plants, laden with the fruits of Heaven.

P R A Y E R.

Oh Father, thou art the Source of Life : thou art the Giver and the Creator of all things ; thou alone art the Disposer of the events of the Universe itself ; thou hast dispensed thy glory in every particle of the illimitable world ; no portion is void of the divine radiance that beams around the influx of the Holy Spirit that pervades every particle of Creation. Thou hast studded the sky with worlds of beauty, but far more glorious are the gems thou hast imbedded within the soul, created in thy own image and likeness. Thou hast created all things in accordance with thy infinite wisdom, and thou hast judged all things with the judgment of love and mercy.

We thank thee for the divine beauties and creations that surround our path ; we joy in the bliss, that thou hast made dependent on the action of the healthy soul.



We, in accordance with the light that we perceive, will endeavor to glorify thy Holy Name by living in harmony with those principles of divine love, which are implanted within our very nature, and in all things strive to discern the light, which beameth from thy habitation.

We glory that we have all been created dependent beings, and that we will be enabled through our opening and unfolding perceptions, to fulfil the commandments thus made binding on all—as we perceive thy blessings descending, like the dew on the earth, alike to all the race of mankind, whether in the spirit-spheres or upon the rudimental, so shall our hearts, as we progress in the love of thy Spirit, embrace all nations and kindreds, and our love shall flow forth in works of goodness and charity to all beings. We pray not that thy Spirit should be shed abroad over the spheres of existence, for we know that that which is needed shall be granted, but we desire that by our progress, we may be brought to see thy glory, which even now pervades all the creations of the universe.

This is the time for action, and as our feelings work in hope for the good of mankind on Earth, we

would offer thanks that thou hast placed within our hands the means of accomplishing the redemption of the world from the bondage in which it is now enslaved ; that thou hast caused us to be the messengers of thy grace and love to the sorrowing inhabitants of Earth, and hast endowed us with power to raise the weight of grief and distrust that hangs over the souls of mortals ; that thou hast, by us, sent the light, which shall disperse the deepening gloom of the clouds of error, that conceals the glory of thy Being from the spiritual eyes of those souls who still dwell in the darkness of earth. Hosannas and psalms be sung to thy name for the boundless love, which is displayed towards the children of thy spirit, and which shall, at last, draw all to know the blessings and joy attending the well developed soul. This is the angels' prayer of praise to Him, who hath sent them to perform His will towards the inhabitants of Earth.

SPIRIT VOICES.

PRESENCE OF ANGELS.

MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

Joy is known beyond the sky,
Praise tunes heavenly harps on high,
Anthems swell in every sphere,
Strains of rapture greet the ear :
See the pure angelic throng,
As they wing their way along,
Thro' the blue ethereal space,
Chanting of immortal grace.

Hark ! they shout, and loudly sing,
Praises to their God and King,
Heaven re-echoes with the notes
Of that peerless, matchless host :
Now they bend their steps to earth,
Now they gather round each hearth,
Hark ! they whisper, words they breathe
Which from Sin and Error sheathe.

Oh rejoice, mankind, rejoice,
To your thankfulness give voice,
Sound aloud your Father's praise,
Notes of joy and gladness raise :
Angels are your guardians dear,
Coming from a brighter sphere,
Whispering words of bliss and peace,
Giving strength that ne'er shall cease :

Oh be calm, and wisely learn
Truth and wisdom to discern,
In the scenes that round you glow,
In earth's misery and woe :
They, in time, shall blend in one
Hearts of every clime and tongue,
And with brightest chains of love,
Join us all to souls above.

ANGELS' INVITATION.

AIR.—“*Come, Oh come with me.*”

Gaze, oh gaze thou here, on angels winging,
 Lend, oh lend thy ear, to angels singing,
 While around the homes of Earth they're fling-
 Treasures rich from spheres above. [ing

Swift, oh swift they come ; their tones endearing
 Fall upon the ear, life's journey cheering ;
 Fears flee from the soul, and now 'tis hearing,
 Notes of truth and love divine.

“ Come, oh come to us, when trials grieve thee,
 Come, oh come to us, when friends deceive thee,
 We will ever love, and never leave thee,
 We will bid thy soul rejoice.

“ Come, oh come and learn,—to us 'tis given
 To teach the willing mind of Earth and Heaven,
 To guide the troubled soul by rude blasts
 To the paths of peace and joy. [driven,

“ Lift, oh lift thy thoughts, where love is breath-
 ing,
 Where the gems of truth are brightly wreathing
 Round the soul divine, thus ever sheathing
 It from darts of Sin and Woe.”

HOLY VOICES.

AIR.—*The Spirit Song.*—“Yes, it is holy.”

Hearest thou not holy voices near,
Breathing of love in thy listening ear,
Filling the air with their rapturous songs,
Lifting the burden from Earth-laden throngs?

Charming and sweet are their blessed words,
Touching the heart and its sacred chords,
Sinking within the calm depths of the soul,
Stilling the passions that tempest-like roll.

Oft hast thou heard their low breathings clear,
Whispering of souls that to thee are dear,
Lifting thy heart from the Earth and its strife,
Teaching thee lessons of higher life.

Oh thou art surrounded by angels light,
Making the Earth seem more fair and bright,
Scattering the flowers of Heaven o'er thee,
Filling thy soul with their charmed melody.

LOVE FOR THE FATHER.

AIR.—“Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.”

ANGELS, bright angels are ever around us,
 Coming from spheres of true wisdom above,
 With their bright glory they ever surround us,
 Filling our hearts with a heavenly love ;
 Love for the Father who guideth us ever,
 Through the temptations and trials of earth,
 Him, who hath left nor forsaken us never,
 Leading us on to the heavenly birth :
 God, in his mercy, sends angels to bless us,
 Angels, that move in his wisdom above,
 They hover around us and gently caress us,
 In their repletion of heavenly love ;
 Shall we not love and revere Him forever,
 Throughout eternity's unending year ?
 Naught on the earth nor in heaven can sever
 Him, from his love for his children so dear :
 Love for the Father, who ruleth creation,
 Giveth us blessings from birth to the grave,
 Then in the fulness of love's renovation,
 Raiseth the spirit in glory to lave ;
 Wisdom He giveth to all who receive it,
 Light sheddeth over the land and the sea ;
 Man, in advancement, shall know and perceive it,
 Knowledge shall make every chained spirit
 free.

OFT IN THE QUIET HOUR.

AIR.—“*Oft in the Stilly Night.*”

Oft in the quiet hour,
When passiveness comes o'er us,
When thought resigns its power,
Sweet visions flit before us :
We see the loved of other years
Come joyfully to meet us,
Come from the light of other spheres,
To this dark earth to greet us.
Thus in the quiet hour,
When passiveness comes o'er us,
When thought resigns its power,
Sweet visions flit before us.

Oft-times when troubles lower,
And earthly cares surround us,
We feel the soothing power,
Of unseen angels round us,
They whisper then of joys to come
In their blest home of Heaven,
They sing of that bright future home,
Which God to man has given.
Thus in the quiet hour,
Or when dark clouds surround us,
We feel the soothing power,
Of angels ever round us.

Oft we will look to them
For wisdom, to unfold us,
For strength, earth's tide to stem,
For joys of which they 've told us :
And when these earthly scenes recede
Before our mortal vision,
We 'll trust in them our souls to lead,
Where truth repels collision.
Thus through our earthly life,
And in the bright transition,
We 'll look beyond all strife,
To angels on their mission.

BEAUTIES OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

AIR.—“Come to the sunset tree.”

Come to the circle bright,
Lay all thy cares aside,
Imbibe the living light,
The sparkling water's tide ;
The sun of Wisdom glows,
Above the circle fair ;
The stream of Knowledge flows,
Adown the gentle air.

Come, and thou may'st, perchance,
Feel a mother's fond embrace ;
A sister may enhance
Thy joys, with winning grace ;
A brother may unfold,
The treasures of his home,
To cheer thee through the world,
Whilst thou through cares shalt roam.

Come, and the gentle breath
Of thy loved spirit-bride,
May whisper thee that death,
But leads thee to her side ;
That through thy trials stern,
Her love shall ne'er depart,
But ever fondly yearn,
To clasp thee to her heart.

Come, for the angels stay,
To bless thee with their love,
To cheer thee on thy way,
With tidings from above ;
Oh come, and hear the voice,
Receive the soft caress
Of those, who watch thy course,
Who love to soothe and bless.

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

Sweet floats the heavenly music
Upon the solemn air,
Love breathes in every stanza,
Freeing the mind from care.

Man, harken to that music,
It comes from spheres above,
To cheer Earth's weary pilgrims
With hope, and faith, and love.

To bring them purer wisdom
Than earth can ever grace,
To tell them Earth is not their last,
Their final resting place.

To reveal a Home far brighter,
Where angels live and move,
Where love, and truth, and wisdom,
Sweet peace and calmness prove.

Oh catch that heavenly measure,
Re-echo it through Earth,
Till all the human family,
Shall learn to know the truth.

BEAUTIES.

Angels are whispering,
Mortals are listening,
Bright eyes are glistening,
 Joyous in tears ;
Dark clouds are flying,
Bright tints are vieing,
Soft gales are sighing,
 Banished are fears.

Clear streams are flowing,
Coming and going,
Through the rich, glowing,
 Beauteous scene.

Flowers are springing,
Lovingly clinging
Round us, and flinging
 Fragrance unseen.

Bright birds are winging,
Merrily singing,
Mountains are ringing,
 With their wild songs.
Light hearts are bounding,
Glee is resounding,
Joy is surrounding
 Earth's weary throngs.

Love is unfolding,
Working and moulding
Man, and upholding
 Him above strife.
Light is now dawning,
On comes the morning,*
Truth is adorning
 Man's earthly life.

Lanesboro 20

STRAINS OF ANGELS.

How sweet and soothing are the strains,
 That fall upon mine ear,
They come not from the distant plains,
 Nor yet from mountains near.

They come not from the fickle throng,
 That sport their time away,
With trifling fun and careless song,
 And merry laugh so gay.

They come not from the learned and wise,
 That live upon the earth,
Not e'en in their deep breathing lies
 Such pure intrinsic worth.

They come not from the wealthy few,
Nor from the proud and great,
These rarely sing of aught that's true,
But praise the golden weight.

Oh cast not thou on earth thy gaze,
To tell whence comes the sound,
But upward thou thine eyes must raise,
And look abroad, around.

Then shalt thou see a joyous band
Of sweet musicians play,
Above our free and happy land,
To drive all care away.

Oh look thou close, and thou shalt see
Full many a lovely face,
That thou didst think was lost to thee
On earth, thy dwelling place.

And thou shalt hear the cheering voice
Of those, thou thought'st could ne'er
Return to bless thy mortal course,
With aught so pure and fair.

But hark, Oh list! they come to bring
Heaven's glorious truths to thee,
That thou no more shalt fear Death's wing,
When it o'ershadows thee.

They come to tell thee thou no more
Must grieve for loved ones gone,
But upward look to Heaven's bright shore,
And see them there new-born.

They love to sing about their home,
That bright and lovely place,
And bid each weary traveler come,
It is for all the race.

They soon will draw all men to them,
And teach them glorious truth,
And help them to secure a gem
Of priceless, countless worth.

That gem is Love ; it should adorn
The entire human race,
Then low contention, pride, and scorn,
Would find no resting place.

Then let the angels' song be heard,
Let all with eager ear,
Catch every sweet, enlivening word,
As it is wafted near.

ELEVATION OF MAN.

Angels bright are winging,
Joyously to earth,
Ever, ever singing,
 Of the holy birth ;
Calmly they are stealing,
 To their loved ones' side,
Hushing every feeling
 Of all worldly pride.

Lifting thoughts to heaven,
 That bright home above,
Which to man is given,
 By the God of Love :
Oh how brightly glowing,
 All its beauties shine,
Crystal streams are flowing,
 Filled with gems divine.

Man is fast advancing,
 With increasing speed,
Light from heaven glancing
 Fills his every need.
Rapidly is dawning,
 Truth's resplendent day,
Soon shall break the morning,
 Angels bring its ray.

Spirits of Light.

Bright spirits of light, of heavenly truth,
Are joyously coming down to earth,
And clustering round each fireside hearth,
And singing of praise.

They come from a land of joyous delight,
Where all is so fair, so radiant and bright,
To shed on the Earth its lustrous light,
To gladden all hearts.

Their whispers are low as the gentle air,
While telling of joys and of Heaven fair,
And of their progression in goodness there,
In that beauteous home.

And oh, how they earnestly plead with man,
To flee from wrongs, to reform his plans,
And exalt his brother wherever he can
To a child of truth.

And they will make man heed their gentle words,
As skilful they touch the heart's hidden chords,
And wake him to newness of life in the Lord,
In the Father, God.

HOLY AND BRIGHT.

AIR.—"Sparkling and Bright."

Holy and bright, in its heavenly light,
Is the truth by angels given,
'Twill ope our eyes, 'twill make us wise,
To know the God of Heaven.

Then let's depart from error dark,
Ye kindred bands of mortals, [light,
Let's turn from the night, and receive the
As it shines through Heaven's portals.

Brighter by far is truth's rising star,
Than earth's sun so brightly glowing,
Better than wealth, is the tone of health,
It is on our souls bestowing.
Then let's depart, &c.

Gently it glows on the mourner's woes,
As its beams reveal the brightness,
Of Heaven's dome, man's future Home,
Where all is joy and lightness.
Then let's depart, &c.

Brothers unite, let us strive for right,
We will battle wrong forever,
We'll buckle on our armor strong,
And swerve from duty, never.
Come, let's depart, &c.

AN ANGEL'S LESSON.

Oh gentle and sweet is the angel voice,
That constantly whispers to me, "Rejoice,
A Father of Love ruleth over thy head,
He sendeth his angels to guard round thy bed.

" He biddeth them watch o'er thy trials stern,
And teach thee a lesson of wisdom to learn,
From all the conditions that life may show,
From the good and the high, from the vile and
the low.

" Oh trust in that God, and look forward with
hope
To mansions of bliss that to thee shall ope,
When thy spirit is freed from its frail home of
earth,
And revives in the new and the glorious birth.

" Oh joyfully sing thy praises aloud,
In honor of virtue, in honor of God,
Thy life on the earth is but feeble and short,
That o'er—and thy soul shall to Heaven be
brought."

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

AIR.—“*O Come, Come Away.*”

O come, come away, from Error now oppressing,
The earth with gloom, dark as the tomb,
 O come, come away.

O come where bright, celestial day
Is lit by truth’s eternal ray,
Where holy glories ever play,
 O come, come away.

From sorrows and griefs, on which thy mind is
dwelling,
This sweet commune, gives calmness soon,
 O come, come away.

Come, angels wait to speak with thee,
Of sweet and blissful harmony,
That fills all souls with joyful glee,
 O come, come away.

While bright angel choirs their hymns of praise
are singing,
Ye mortal throngs, come join their songs.
 O come, come away.

Come, sing the love of Him who reigns,
And sound His name o’er hills and plains,
In softest and melodious strains,
 O come, come away.

The dim darkness flees, the gloom is fast
receding,
Before the ray, of endless day,
O come, come away.
O come, and in a circle bright,
May all your souls with joy unite,
To catch the heaven-inspiring light,
O come, come away.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

AIR.—“*From Greenland's icy mountains.*”

Our Father ever giveth
His blessings unto all ;
On every soul that liveth,
Treasures from Heaven fall.
Then why, oh man, this sadness,
Why sit in fearful gloom ?
Arise to joy and gladness,
Grief cannot be thy doom.
Our God and Father liveth
In realms beyond the sky,
But to all space He giveth
His ever watchful eye :
His essence e'er pervadeth
Each atom at its birth,
His glory never fadeth,
But shines throughout the earth.

Our God is everlasting,
Eternal, and sublime,
To Him there is no blasting,
No withering by old Time :
Far down the lapse of ages,
He looks with searching eye,
Reads life's unfolding pages,
Beholds that heaven is nigh.

Our Father is all-glorious,
All boundless and divine,
O'er all He reigns victorious,
On all his mercies shine :
Then why, oh man, this terror ?
Our God is ever just,
Turn thou from every error,
And in Him place thy trust.

Hark ! angels bright are shouting
His praise along the sky,
Shake off thy gloom and doubting
And raise thy notes on high.
May souls unite together,
In unison and love,
To praise their Heavenly Father,
The Holy God above.

THE ANGELS' FAITH.

Angels have come to the earthly home,
Free o'er the plains their bright spirits roam,
Joyful they come to their work of love,
Praising the Master divine above.

Mournful they gaze o'er the stricken world,
Where, in their error, mankind have hurled
Vengeance and wrath from the Mind on high,
Teaching that souls can eternally die.

Upward they gaze to the Star of Hope,
Onward they press where its beamings ope
Paths, to descend to the lonely hearth,
Visions of beauty that flit o'er earth.

Joyful they know that the truth will save
Man, from his error and sin-bound grave,
Give to his soul the rich joy that flows,
Bright where the love of God's spirit glows.

BREATHINGS FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Sweet floats the breath of the spirit-land,
In whispers of peace and in sweet command,
It tranquilly sinks in the depths of the soul,
And hushes the tumult when wild passions roll.

Peace, peace is breathed o'er the struggling
heart, [depart,
And straightway the mists that enshroud it
It goes boldly forth in the newness of life,
To battle with error, to overcome strife.

Hope, hope to the fainting soul and mind,
Is brought on this breath which no chains can bind,
It flows from the beauteous land above,
And comes richly laden with gifts of love.

It points to a world far beyond the sky,
Where love ever reigns, where souls never die,
Where bliss sits triumphant on every face,
And truth is embodied in matchless grace.

Trust, trust is brought to the doubting heart,
When midst Earth's griefs it with faith seems
to part,
The forms of the loved and the gone draw near,
And whisper sweet words in each listening ear.

They speak of a bright and a happy land,
Where roams a pure, a sweet angel band,
Where trials and sorrows are never known,
And peace's ne'er disturbed by the heart-
rending moan.

Oh may that breath from the spirit land,
Be felt and received by each mortal band,
Then shall be rent Superstition's thrall,
And God shall be known as the Father of all.

STAR OF PROMISE.

AIR.—“*The Watcher.*”

When man was sad and weary
Beneath Mosaic rule,
When earth seemed dark and dreary,
And e'en fond love grew cool,
A star arose, whose brightness
Sent through the race a thrill
Of mingled hope and gladness,
That Love should conquer still.

Prophets foresaw its dawning,
Beheld its glory bright,
And knew that at its coming,
Earth should be clothed in light.
That promise told by sages,
The coming age fulfilled,
And in the life of Jesus
The raging storm was stilled.

Jesus beheld the Father,
His majesty and grace,
And saw no dark clouds gather
In vengeance round his face;
He knew his boundless wisdom,
His goodness, and his love,
Embraced the human family,
United them above.

He stemmed the rushing waters,
Broke the haughty, priestly rule,
And called Earth's sons and daughters
To obey the golden rule.
Angels watched o'er and guarded
His labors for mankind,
And when by man discarded,
They cheered and soothed his mind.

That star beams now as ever,
And with increasing light,
Its radiance faileth never,
It is glorious and bright :
But clouds from earth have risen
And hide its lustre pure,
Mankind heed not the wisdom,
That ever shall endure.

Angels have seen the vapors,
That hang around the earth,
They have watched man's creed-lit tapers
Reveal the heavenly birth.
They haste those clouds to scatter,
To trim those spectral lights,
And turn man's darkened vision
To Heaven's celestial heights.

Mankind, arise from sadness,
From darkness and despair,
Your grief exchange for gladness,
Trust in your Father's care.
Love shall unite all nations,
And join them into one,
All shall be brothers, sisters,
The earth, their happy home.

SONG OF JOY.

AIR.—“*Rejoice, rejoice.*”

Rejoice, rejoice, the angels bright are coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, they come to man in love,
 They fill his breast with peace and joy,
 Redeem his soul from Earth’s alloy,
Rejoice, rejoice, the angels bright are coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, they come to man in love.

Rejoice, rejoice, the angels e’er attend thee,
Rejoice, rejoice, they watch thy footsteps now,
 And when temptation glitters near,
 They whisper caution in thy ear,
Rejoice, rejoice, the angels e’er attend thee,
Rejoice, rejoice, they watch thy footsteps now.

Rejoice, rejoice, the angels sweet are singing,
Rejoice, rejoice, and join their songs of praise,
 They sing the Father’s love on high,
 For souls that never, never die,
Rejoice, rejoice, the angels sweet are singing,
Rejoice, rejoice, and join their songs of praise.

Rejoice, rejoice, and follow as they lead thee,
Rejoice, rejoice, they guide thee to thy Home,
 Where love supreme shall ever reign,
 And bliss be known without a pain,
Rejoice, rejoice, and follow as they lead thee,
Rejoice, rejoice, they guide thee to thy Home.

WISDOM.

We come to you with words of love,
To bring you tidings from above,
To tell of that bright, heavenly state,
Those joys that all mankind await.

To bring you wisdom from on high,
From worlds far, far beyond the sky,
Wisdom, that flows from God's high throne,
Wisdom, that comes from Him alone.

Wisdom, unmixed with ills of Earth,
Wisdom, of pure intrinsic worth,
Wisdom, not changed by will of man,
Wisdom, revealed in God's own plan.

Throw not away this gift of love,
It cometh pure from worlds above ;
From darkness flee, to worlds of light,
Exchange Earth's wrongs, for Heaven's right.

THE VOICE OF AN ANGEL.

AIR.—“*Thou sweet gliding Kedron.*”

The voice of an angel
Falls sweet on our ears,
It whispers of goodness,
That conquers our fears ;
It speaks of a Father,
Who governs in love,
Who draws all his children,
To bright homes above.

It makes our souls hopeful,
Makes joyful our life,
Gives strength to our feelings,
To overcome strife ;
We know that contention,
That pride, hate, and scorn,
Will turn to sweet concord,
In truth’s beauteous morn.

We know that truth’s brightness
Shall dawn upon earth,
Sweet flowers spring around us,
Of heavenly birth.
Though eager to witness,
All things ruled by love,
We wait with calm patience,
These gifts from above.

STRIFE AND LOVE.

AIR.—“*Pilgrim’s Invitation.*”

Soul, has thy life
 Been one of strife,
 Making earth look dark as night ?
 Then hast thou seen,
 Trials and scenes, [delight,
 Which filled not thy depths with the purest
 Revealed not the light and the glory of God,
 Disclosed not his love but only his rod.

Mortal of earth,
 Pure is the worth,
 Of thy bright, interior soul.
 But thou hast cast,
 Shades of the past, [whole,
 O’er all its rich beauties and marred the fair
 Thou hast not developed well its bright powers,
 But wasted thy time, thy life’s fleeting hours.

Angels of love,
 Come from above,
 Bringing gifts of peace and joy,
 Shedding truth’s light,
 Radiant and bright,
 To burn from each soul all earthly alloy,
 Oh mortals be wise, and learn of their life,
 To overcome ill, with love, not with strife.

INFLUENCE OF ANGELS.

AIR.—“*Tis the Last Rose of Summer.*”

“Tis the breath of the angels,
Now floating around,
Ye minds of all mortals,
Oh list to the sound.
The low tones of those voices,
Sink deep in the soul,
And quick hush the fierce tempests,
That oft-times there roll.
The wild tumult of passion,
Their words shall soon quell ;
Heavenly peace and contentment,
The spirit shall swell .
Then rejoice, and be tranquil,
That truth may flow free,
From the home of the angels,
Through spirits to thee.
Rays of light are now streaming,
From heaven to earth,
By their light, strive to gather
The gems of pure truth :
The dark veil, that now covers
The earth, shall they rend,
And the light of the angels,
Shall freely descend.

ANGEL GUIDES.

AIR.—“*The Angels' Whisper.*”

Bright angels are singing,
 And joyously winging [earth ;
 Their way to the grief-stricken homes of the
 They bring richest treasures,
 Deep joys and true pleasures,
 To gladden the way to the glorious birth.

Truth's beams are descending,
 Their glories are blending,
 To cheer the sad spirit through trials and woe,
 Bright angels are guiding,
 And tenderly chiding
 The soul, as it turns to the darkness below.

Fond arms are enwreathing,
 Sweet voices are breathing— [home :
 There's love for all souls in the angels bright
 Bright gems are entwining
 The soul, and refining
 Its thoughts and affections, where'er it may roam.

Oh mortals be willing,
 And aid ye in stilling
 The passions, retarding your progress in truth ;
 Exalt every feeling,
 Let soft music stealing,
 Infuse in the soul, the blest vigor of youth.

ANGEL VISITS.

Sing a joyful song of love,
Let thy feelings rise above
Petty strife for gold of earth ;
Search for gems of purer worth ;
Gems, that ever sparkle bright,
In the glorious courts of light,
That surround the purer home,
Where bright angels ever roam.

See the angels bright descend,
See their glowing beauties blend,
Hear their breathings sweet and clear,
Strike upon thy list'ning ear ;
Angels come from worlds of light,
Bring their notes of love and light,
Twine the chains of love around,
Make the earth with joy resound.

SPIRIT VOICES.

WELCOME TO ANGELS.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

COME, guardian angel, come,
From thy pure sun-lit home,
And breathe to me thy lays
Of God, the Father's praise.

Come, guardian angel, thou
Shalt teach my soul to bow,
At shrines of truth and love,
Reared by the God above.

Descend on rays of light,
Disperse the gloom of night,
Which o'er the earth is cast
By errors of the past.

Give birth to glorious day,
In which the heavenly ray
Of love shall warm each heart,
And joy and peace impart.

Shed on the hearts of youth,
Thy soul-reviving truth,
And breathe thy tidings glad,
To spirits of the sad.

Oh welcome, angel bright,
Who bring'st heaven's holy light,
To cheer our earthly life,
And hush the din of strife.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

AIR—"Soft is the Morning Dew."

Spirit of beauty,
Flitting afar,
Thou art our beacon,
Hope's rising star :
Calm is thy radiance,
Soft is thy light,
Casting a halo
Mellow and bright.

Thou art an angel
Coming from Heaven,
Holy the mission
Unto thee given ;
God in his wisdom,
Sent thee to bless
Earth's care-worn pilgrims,
With thy caress.

Sent thee to free us
From our dread fears,
By thy sweet tidings
Breathed in our ears,
Of a kind Father,
Ruling in love,
Of his bright angels,
Watching above.

Many are ready,
Waiting for thee,
Eager to follow
Truth, and be free.
Swiftly thou comest
Man to unfold,
Bringing thy treasures,
Better than gold.

MY SPIRIT SISTER.

AIR.—“*The Troubadour.*”

Kind sister, come to earth
From thy blessed land,
Bring a sweet angel choir,
One radiant band.
Strike thy celestial harps,
Joyous and loud,
Sound thy strains, o'er the plains,
In praise of God.

Come to our circles now,
Sing thy sweet songs,
Pour forth thy lays of truth,
To mortal throngs.
Bring us thy wisdom pure,
From courts on high,
Bring us love, from above,
Child of the sky.

Teach us to walk in truth,
Guide us aright,
Unfold our souls to see
Heaven's pure light.
Wait on our footsteps here,
Make our hearts strong,
For the fight of the Right,
'Gainst Error's wrong.

REPENTANCE.

AIR.—“*The Voice of Spring.*”

Oh ye angels of light, ye have called us oft,
But our hearts have been deaf to your breathings
soft, [strife,
And we heard you not midst Earth's cares and
As ye gently told of the better life,
As ye whispered us of a lovely land,
Where all souls are joined in a happy band.

Still, ye left not our spirits to sink in wo, [go,
But ye carefully watched us where'er we might
And ye circled us with your chains of light,
And unseen, ye saved us from sorrow's blight,
Oh ye compass us wheresoe'er we roam,
And ye cheer our spirits with thoughts of home.

Ye have softened our hearts, and we haste to
turn [learn
From the scenes of the earth to your land, and
From your lips of love, of the truth that flows,
O'er the plains where wisdom eternal glows :
When our work on earth is complete and o'er,
We will joyful meet you on Heaven's bright
shore.

AN ANGEL MOTHER'S LOVE.

AIR.—“*Isle of Beauty.*”

Angel mother, thou art near me,
Thou dost comfort, soothe, and bless ;
Thou dost ever watch and cheer me
With a mother's tenderness.
When affliction's bitter water
Rolls around my earthly course,
Thy kind love doth never falter ;
Still I hear thy cheering voice.
When temptation glitters brightly,
Seeking to entice my heart,
Drawing my affections lightly
From the truth thou dost impart.
Then, my mother, gently stealing
O'er my soul, come thoughts of thee,
And awaken there the feeling
Of thy watchful care o'er me.
Oh my mother, oft I hear thee
In the midnight's solemn hour ;
When no other voice is near me,
Then I feel thy silent power.
And my soul is strengthened ever
With a trust that nought can shake,
For I know that thou wilt never
Wander from me, nor forsake.

MY FATHER'S PRESENCE.

AIR.—“*The Bride's Farewell.*”

Father, joy and sweet affection
Haunt my lightest thought of thee,
And my fondest recollection
Calls thy image up to me.
Well I know that thou art guiding
Me, with wisdom from on high;
Ever smiling, never chiding,
Bends on me thy pitying eye.

Oh my father, words can never
Tell the love within my soul,
Nor the burning thoughts which ever
Through my breast exulting roll,
As I feel thy presence near me
In my life's tumultuous course,
Hear those soothing words which cheer me
Uttered by thy angel voice.

Oft thy spirit hovers o'er me,
When I'm weary, faint, and sad,
And I feel thy love restore me,
Give me strength and make me glad;
Angel father, thou wilt greet me
When my earthly life is o'er,
Thou wilt be the first to meet me
On fair Heaven's blissful shore.

UNION OF ACTION.

AIR.—“*America.*”

Sweet sister spirits, come,
And from your beauteous home,
To earth descend.
Come, cheer us with your love,
And lift our thoughts above ;
O'er lands unknown to rove,
Your guidance lend.

Oh brothers, join their choirs,
Light Heaven's holy fires,
Upon the earth :
Implant within each breast,
A sacred, earnest zest,
To search alone for rest
In ways of truth.

May souls unite in love,
To draw you from above,
To bless our race ;
From earth to chase the night,
And show the radiance bright
Of truth's celestial light,
And saving grace.

WELCOME TO ANGELS.

AIR.—“Pleyel’s Hymn.”

Welcome, angels, pure and bright,
Children of the living light,
Welcome to our home on earth,
Children of the glorious birth.

Welcome, messengers of God,
Teaching not of anger’s rod ;
Love for all earth’s weary throngs,
Is the burthen of your songs.

Come ye from the realms of light,
Where the day knows not the night,
Where the gems of love alone
Are around your spirits thrown ?

Oh we joy to feel you near,
Spirits of the loved and dear ;
Chains of love around us twine,
Gems of beauty all divine.

Joyously we greet you here,
Children of a brighter sphere,
Guide our feet to realms of love,
To the courts of joy above.

GREETINGS TO ANGELS.

AIR.—“*Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*”

Oh angels, we greet you with gladness,
Ye dwellers of bright spheres above,
We'll banish all feelings of sadness,
And list to your tidings of love ;
Our hearts rise in grateful devotion
To God, for his wisdom and light ;
These gifts shall subdue all commotion,
And make the earth peaceful and bright.

With souls overflowing with kindness,
Ye speed on your mission divine,
To mortals now groping in blindness,
To lead them to Truth's holy shrine ;
Ye breathe of our Father in Heaven,
And whisper of infinite love,
Till chains of dark bigotry 's riven,
And thought soars to regions above.

Oh, we will love freedom forever,
And guided by Truth's holy light,
We 'll turn from her radiance never,
Her glories so sparkling and bright.
Oh angels, we welcome you gladly,
Ye messengers bright from on high,
No more can our thoughts wander sadly,
We feel that your love cannot die.

HAIL, HAIL, SPIRITS OF GLORY.

AIR.—“*Thou, thou, reign’st in this bosom.*”

See, see, angels are near us,
Hark, hark, sweetly they sing,
Joy, joy, nobly they cheer us,
Praising our Father and King.

Praise, praise, praise, praising our
Father and King.

Hail, hail, spirits of glory,
Shed, shed, light on our way,
Sing, sing, heaven’s bright story,
Sing of eternity’s day.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing of eternity’s day

Truth, truth, holy is beaming,
Bright, bright, into the heart,
Light, light, purely is gleaming,
Joy and sweet hope to impart.

Joy, joy, joy, joy, joy and sweet hope to impart.

Love, love, prompts your devotion,
Peace, peace, breathes in your prayer,
High, high, swells our emotion,
For your unwearying care,
For, for, for, for, for your unwearying care.

GIFTS OF ANGELS.

Angels, come ye in the light,
Make our earthly pathway bright,
Scatter flowers around our feet,
Fill the air with perfume sweet,
Blessed is your mission clear,
Coming from another sphere;
Guide us in the proper course,
By your sweet, harmonious voice.

Oh rejoice, ye sons of earth,
Future heirs of heavenly birth,
For you, streams of knowledge flow,
For you, radiant sunbeams glow;
Truth, her genial drops distils,
And the fount of knowledge fills,
Love, her glowing orb inspires,
And reflects heaven's golden fires.

Truth is spreading o'er the world,
Wide her banner is unfurled,
Joy is felt beneath its folds,
Love, subdued, all passions holds.
Blessed happiness is ours,
If we but exert our powers,
Banish discord from the earth,
And to harmony give birth.

Angels, welcome, draw ye near,
 To us lend the listening ear,
 Give us strength our foes to greet,
 Lovingly as brothers meet,
 Crush all bitter, warring strife,
 By your principles of life,
 Change all hatred into love,
 Make us one with God above.

VISIONS FLIT O'ER THE SOUL.

AIR.—“*Canadian Boat Song.*”

When sink our thoughts in sweet repose,
 And calm is the mind as the daylight's close,
 Then o'er the soul bright visions flit,
 And lessons of beauty are deeply writ;
 Angels of mercy come and cheer
 The soul, in its upward and bright career.

Hail! oh ye angels, pure and bright,
 We welcome with hope and deep joy your light,
 Night and its darkness flee away,
 Before the radiance of dawning day;
 Noble the work, divine the joy,
 Of those, whom the angels of light employ.

TIDINGS OF LOVE.

Angels of mercy, come
To our sad earth,
Come from your blessed home,
Whisper of truth.
Oh sing your requiems loud
In every ear,
Heavenly host, sound your notes,
Till all shall hear.

Glad are your tidings true,
Come from above,
Showing in every view
Unbounded love.
Oh how that magic word
Thrills on the ear,
As it sounds, through the bounds,
Of every sphere.

God is the Father kind,
Of all the race,
Embraced is all mankind,
In his rich grace.
Changeless and loving too,
Is God on high,
Angels bright, bring his light,
Down from the sky.

SPIRIT VOICES.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

DUTY TO MAN.

THE TRUE LIFE.

AIR.—“*Maltese Boatman’s Song.*”

See, brothers, see, how the day dawns bright,
Swiftly comes the glorious light,
Hark! how the angel chorus swells,
Sweetly o’er the hills and dells. [souls
Oh list, and the strains shall reveal to our
The glory that thro’ the whole universe rolls,
But hark! they sing in strains of love,—
“Come follow through bright courts above,
Come, come, come, to lands where beauties vie,
Come, oh come, cull flowers from on high.”

Soon shall we soar to those regions bright,
Soon we 'll take from Earth our flight,
But oh, while we stay, let 's strive to be
Brothers bound in unity ;

And working with angels in love for the race,
We 'll wipe the hot tear from each sorrowing
face,

And spread in place a smile of hope,
As we to view life's blessings ope.

Come, come, come, the angels wait above,
Come, oh come, and join our work of love.

Strive for the gold of the Earth no more,
Soon our course on Earth is o'er,
Work for the wealth that angels know,
Gems of love that brighter glow ;

No more shall the soul struggle on in despair,
For angels are guiding our footsteps with care,
And when o'er Earth we cease to roam,

They 'll welcome us to Heaven's bright home.

Home, home, home, the spirit's welcome home,
Sweet, oh sweet, the spirit's welcome home.

OUR CIRCLE.

AIR.—“*The bird let loose in eastern skies.*”

Our little band
Join hand in hand,
 To gather from the spheres
Of angels bright,
Truth’s living light,
 To bless Earth’s rolling years.
We work in love,
And God above
 Sends angels to assist;
They point the way
To endless day,
 And roll away Earth’s mist.

We joyous meet
In union sweet,
 To learn their wisdom pure;
It makes us strong,
To fight the wrong,
 And turn from earthly lure.
We ’ll strive to spread
The light that’s shed,
 On us by angel bands;
Obey love’s call
To work for all,
 With active, willing hands.

EARTH CANNOT BE THY HOME.

AIR.—“*Erin is my Home.*”

Oh, thou hast wandered o'er the world,
Through trials, cares, and pains,
O'er spots where Peace hath ne'er unfurled
Her banner o'er the plains ;
O'er fields of pleasure and delight,
Thy footsteps oft-times roam,
Yet still thou feel'st, if dark or bright,
That Earth is not thy home.

Oh, thou hast seen the proud and great
Spurn all of humbler birth,
And crush them with a heavy weight,
That bows their souls to earth ;
And as thou saw'st the proud disdain,
And heard'st the thrilling groan,
Thy spirit breathed the thought again,
This cannot be my home.

Oh, thou hast seen the erring soul
Turn from the night to day,
To drink the waves of truth that roll,
Around the heaven-born way ;
And still thy haughty brother man,
Forbids that soul to come,
And thou hast wondered at the ban,
And said, this is not home.

But oh, my home is far above
This world of earthly pride,
Where souls are bound in purest love,
And each to all is guide,
Where truth's own light is shed abroad,
And souls no longer roam,
But ever onward press towards God ;
This is my spirit's home.

MISSION OF MORTALS.

Ari.—“Oh, had I wings like a Dove.”

The orient beams of the Sun of Truth,
Are gilding the earth with light,
Scattering the clouds of foul Error dark,
Dispersing the gloom of night.
Sleepers, arise, from your troubled dreams,
Look forth on the glorious orb,
And bid farewell to the darksome night,
While beauties your thoughts absorb.

Your time of idleness now is o'er,
No more must you waste your powers,
In fleeting visions of endless wealth,
To gladden your earthly hours ;
But you must feel that a higher work,
Is given you to perform,
That glittering dust can satisfy not,
The spirit in human form.

Arise, go forth on your mission blest,
Exalt the immortal soul,
Gather your joys from the streams of love,
As onward their waters roll :
Go, teach the soul there's a home above,
Illumined alone by Truth,
Where it shall take its developed powers,
But not the bright gold of earth.

Teach it to think of the life on high,
And strive to become more pure,
That it may enter its home above
With feelings that endure :
Oh then shall life on the earth be calm,
And joys be serene and deep,
And trust be firm in the God of Heaven,
Whose love doth His children keep.

SHIELDS FROM TEMPTATION.

A.M.—“Sweet Mem’ries of Thee.”

Let truth be your motto,
Wherever you roam,
May strife, pain, and discord,
Be banished from home.

In the midst of temptations
When evil looks bright,
May your soul’s meditations
Show a holier light.

That pure light which streams holy,
From the courts of the Lord,
Which is shed on the lowly,
As well as the proud.

May your thoughts rise far higher
Than earth’s darkened shades,
To the world that is higher,
Where beauty ne’er fades.

May you feel that a Power
Is moving on earth,
That shall bring the glad hour
Of the triumph of truth.

JOY OF THE SOUL.

AIR.—“*The Mountain Maid's Invitation.*”

Joy, joy, joy,
Oh the joy, of the soul,
As life's billows onward roll,
As the face of Nature's scroll
 Wide unrolls around ;
High it leaps with wild delight,
As it sees the living light
Bright illume, paths of right,
Ways of truth profound.

Joy, joy, joy,
First the soul, lives on earth,
Then soars far away from dearth,
Passes bright the glorious birth,
 Enters spheres above ;
There 'tis freed from cares and woes,
Upward, onward, ever goes,
Where each stream, purely flows,
From the fount of love.

Joy, joy, joy,
For the soul, in its home,
Knows that it to earth can roam,
Bringing radiance from the dome
 Of the world of love ;
Swift it wings along the way,
Swift it brings the heavenly ray
Of the bright, endless day,
 Round the throne above.

Joy, joy, joy,
For the soul, when 'tis freed,
Can the souls of others read,
Knowing every thought and deed
 Of the inner mind ;
Then the soul to soul shall turn,
Then the fire of love shall burn,
And the soul, ever yearn,
 Genial souls to find.

MISSION OF MEDIUMS.

AIR.—“Days of Absence.”

Mediums, blessed is your mission,
 Given by your angel guides ;
By your love o'ercome collision,
 And in harmony abide.

Go ye, fear ye not the taunting,
Which the bigot hastes to cast,
See ye not his conscience haunting?
Know, his errors cannot last.

Go ye onward, then, rejoicing,
Stem the rushing tide of earth,
Bid the turbid waters coursing,
Change to streams of purer worth.

Shed the holy beams of heaven,
On the weary, fainting soul,
And reveal the blessings given,
On the waves that round it roll.

May your hearts be filled with meekness,
With humility, and love,
Never be o'ercome with weakness,
But be firm in strength above.

Feel alike for foes and brothers,
Labor for the good of all,
Hasten on the time when others,
Shall obey the Father's call.



SYMPATHY WITH ANGELS.

A.M.—“I watch for thee.”

Oh listen to the words of love,
So sweetly floating on the air,
They come from angel choirs above
Who dwell in lands serenely fair.
That angel band descends to earth,
On wings of pure and living light,
To bring us truths of priceless worth,
That we may work and live aright.
Oh let us heed those words of love,
That kindly, sweetly echoed strain,
And ever in our circles move,
In harmony's unbroken chain.
With minds in sympathy with those,
Who live beyond our errors dark,
Imbibing truth as pure it glows,
Emitted by the heavenly spark.
Not only in our circles bright,
We'll seek to elevate the mind,
But with these glowing truths and light,
We'll teach and comfort all mankind,
We'll strive to fill the heart with hope,
The soul with holy trust and love,
And teach the spirit-eye to ope,
To joys of brighter spheres above.

COME LEARN OF HEAVEN.

Our souls we here unite,
In harmony and love,
To draw the angels bright,
From purer spheres above.
Oh come, ye brothers, come,
To learn of Heaven,
Of man's eternal home,
Which God hath given ;
Oh come in joy and peace,
Your wisdom to increase ;
Oh come, oh come.

Our guardian angels love,
To whisper to each heart,
The joys from heaven above,
Its wisdom to impart.
Oh come, and learn these truths,
From angel lips ;
Old men and reckless youths,
Oh come and sip
The waters which they bring
From the Eternal spring ;
Oh come, oh come.

ONWARD BE YOUR CRY.

AIR.—“*Bounding Billows.*”

Progress ever,
Backward never,
Onward, be your stirring cry ;
Press ye forward, and be zealous,
Work in love, and ne'er be jealous,
But be harmony your tie.

Angel powers
In their bowers,
Guide you firmly ever on,
May you feel that you are mighty,
And your thoughts be never flighty ;
Go ye firmly, ever on.

Truth shall guide ye,
And baptize ye,
With her strength from God above ;
Go ye forward, vanquish error,
Free mankind from idle terror,
And unite all hearts in love.

WEEP NOT FOR EARTHLY TREASURES.

AIR.—“*Widow of Nain.*”

Why weepest thou? Dost weep for baubles
 fleeting,

As snow beneath the sun’s dissolving rays,
Dost seek alone for vain and empty greeting,
 That sounds thy worldly honor and thy praise?

And if thou should’st obtain these dazzling
 treasures, [content,

Think’st thou thy life, thy soul would be
That thou would’st then enjoy the highest
 pleasures,

That God designed for man, thy full extent?

Oh vain presumption! ignorantly given!

To think that man should live forearthly joys,
Without a wish to catch a glimpse of Heaven,
 To know the work that angel minds employs!

The soul, Jehovah gifts with God-like powers,
 Must feel a nobler destiny than this,
Must know that joys of evanescent hours,
 Can never fill its depths with peace and bliss.

Then rise from mourning, and gird on the armor
 Of Charity and Love—be this thy might,
Go forth in faith, like to the trusting farmer,
 And sow the seeds of Knowledge and of
 Right.

Then shall thy soul foretaste the joys of Heaven,
That love to God and love to man bestow,
And to thy mind angelic peace be given, [glow.
That dwells alone in Truth's resplendent

THE COMING ERA.

A.M.—“*Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.*”

Brothers, join our merry chorus,
Join in joyful strains of glee,
Hope, enchanting, smiles before us,
Making hearts beat light and free.
Now her magic wand she raises
With a graceful, winning air,
Waves it o'er life's troubled mazes,
And behold! light shineth there!

Hark! she speaks, the words come gently
From her lips as dew-drops fall,
Whilst her copious horn of plenty
Scatters glowing gifts on all.
“Forward, forward,” is her story;
“Forward, turn thy gazing eye,
Ages past show not such glory,
As the future's radiant sky.

“ Upward, turn thy vision beaming,
Upward to the heavenly shore,
Rapturous sight upon thee gleaming!
Thou behold’st thy friends once more.
Joyful is the era dawning,
O’er the sad and troubled earth,
Bright reveals the coming morning,
Children of the heavenly birth.

“ Mortal, look with eye prophetic,
Read the future’s glowing page,
Nerve thy sinews energetic
For the coming contest’s rage.
Furious is the battle’s clashing,
Deadly is the warring strife,
Truth, with eyes of fire flashing,
Firmly seeks pale Error’s life.

“ Read thou on, the strife is ended,
All the world is hushed in rest;
Truth has triumphed; now is blended
~~joy~~ and wisdom in man’s breast.
Angels come with kindly greeting,
Breathe their words of peace and love,
And disclose the heavenly meeting
Of all souls in spheres above.”

THE JOYOUS AGE.

AIR.—“*Bonny Boat.*”

Sing, sing a glad and happy song,
The joyous age has come,
The clouds of earth swift roll away,
Truth’s rays reach man’s dark home.

Error recedes before the beams
Of truth’s approaching light,
The night gives place to glorious day,
Error gives place to right.

The angels come with heaven’s pure truth,
With far, far brighter gems,
Than wealth of earth can e’er afford
For noblest diadems.

Gather those gems, and let them grace
The soul midst care and strife ;
They shall envelop it with light
Drawn from the higher life ;

They shall sustain it with a strength
Attracted from above ;
They shall pervade it with a peace
Conferred by angels’ love.

PARTING OF THE CIRCLE.

AIR—"I remember, I remember."

Oh remember, oh remember,
When this circle parts to-night,
That o'er each and every member
Hover spirits pure and bright ;
Let the heart be filled with gladness,
The eyes with joyous tears,
Banish every thought of sadness,
And lay aside all fears.

Ever cherish, ever cherish,
Fondest thoughts of spirits dear,
Angel love can never perish,
But must ever centre near ;
May the soul be filled with beauties,
With joy, and peace, and love,
May it feel and know the duties
Perceived by souls above.

Oh remember, oh remember,
That the earth is not your home,
But that each and every member
Has a mission to perform ;
Oh act worthy of the station,
And carry out truth's plan,
And let love embrace each nation,
The family of man.

GEMS OF THE SOUL.

AIR.—“*Queen Mary's Escape.*”

How in the inner depths of soul,
There dwells a beauty all divine,
How purely waves of wisdom roll,
How brightly gems of glory shine.

Oh man, thy soul 's a casket fair,
And filled with treasures pure and bright,
Committed to thy watchful care,
To bear to realms of living light.

Oh, watch with care those richest gems,
Those treasures bright of truth and love,
Transport them to the glorious realms,
The world of life and joy above.

Bright angels aid thee in thy charge,
And cheer thee in thy work on earth,
And strive thy feelings to enlarge,
Till thou shalt pass the glorious birth.

KINDNESS TO ALL.

AIR.—“*Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home.*”

Be kind to each other—may love ever beam
In beauty and joy on each face,
And features be lit with a bright holy gleam
Of heavenly wisdom and grace.
Shed peace and contentment around ev’ry soul,
Give rest to the weary with care,
Sustain and console with the blessings that roll
Around you so beauteous and fair.

Be kind to the erring—not now may you know
The trials, which tempt them to wrong,
The visions of vice, which deceitfully glow
To charm as they struggle along : [cause
Then strive to be watchful, and search for the
Of ruin, and downfall, and shame,
Remove it in love, and forget not the laws
Of God, which forbid man to blame.

Be kind to the bigot—deriding in scorn
The source of your innocent trust,
E’en now is his bosom with wretchedness torn,
With doubts that his God is not just.
Then turn with affection and pity to seek
His freedom from bondage and pain,
And strive to exalt him to Wisdom’s high peak,
Where Truth shall unlink every chain.

Be kind to all nations, and shed over all
The gifts which from Heaven descend,
True blessings in richest profusion now fall
On earth, and in harmony blend.
Arise, then, and publish the tidings of love,
Which angels have brought from their home,
Relieve man from error, and lead him above,
O'er fields of Elysium to roam.

HARMONIOUS ACTION.

AIR.—“Ingle Side.”

Harmonious action ! Glorious theme !

Bright angels feel its power,
Around it heavenly glories beam,
'Tis Love's immortal flower.

Deep love to God and love to man,
Is writ in every heart,
Love is the basis of the plan,
That Angels would impart.

Our God is Love : Oh holy word !
Touching all hearts with fire,
Waking to action every chord,
That breathes to man—“Rise higher.”

Thy Father loves thee, aim to be
A child of truth and love,
Shake off thy shackles and be free,
Seek wisdom from above.

Be strong in works, go forth and show
Thy love to God in deeds,
Console thy neighbour in his woe,
Impart the truths he needs.

Stretch forth thy hand in love divine,
Embrace the *race* of man,
An emblem of the love that shines,
Throughout creation's plan.

Dwell thus in love, and then shall dawn
Heaven's light on every soul,
The night give place to brightest morn,
And strains of music roll.

"Harmonious action," be thy cry,
Let "Love" thy watchword be,
Then errors of the past *must* die,
And truth must make thee free.

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

AIR.—“*The Troubadour.*”

Angels are ever near,
Breathing of love,
Whispering in every ear,
News from above,
Singing of Heaven bright,
Where all is peace,
Where the light, knows no night,
And ne'er shall cease.

Oh mortals, gather round,
Come to a feast,
Of knowledge without bound,
Come, e'en the least;
All shall receive the truth
From worlds on high,
Angels bright, bring true light,
Down from the sky.

Hark ! hear ye not the voice
Of those ye love,
Whispering to you the course,
To spheres above?
They are a joyous band,
Hovering o'er earth,
They abide, and will guide,
Through the new birth.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE CIRCLE.

AIR.—“*Auld Lang Syne.*”

Oh may this circle ever be,
A type of truth and love,
Its motto—“Thought shall mingle free
Like unto thought above.”
Its meetings let us seek to make,
Emblems of those on high,
Where love serene alone doth wake
The echoes of the sky.
May we direct our thoughts aright,
To draw bright spirits near,
That they may guide us by their light,
And lessen every fear.
If thus we meet, we shall be blessed
With joy, and faith, and love,
With joy, that we are still caressed
By those who live above ;
With faith, because our minds shall look
For a brighter life to come,
We read the pledge in Nature’s book ;
There is a higher home ;
With love, for the great God divine,
Who rules the universe,
And makes his beauties round us shine,
To light us on our course.

WORK OUT YOUR MISSION.

AIR.—“*Life let us cherish.*”

Work out your mission, while yet ye live on earth,

Soon shall your spirit pass the new birth,

Then work away, and toil in love,

Be meek and gentle as the dove,

Let thoughts be raised to spheres above,

The joyous Spirit Home.

Press ever onward, through darkest nights of pain,

Soon shall your spirit see light again,

And then shall vanish care and woe,

As bright the varied sunbeams glow,

As they their glorious radiance throw

Around the Spirit Home.

Bright, ever brightly, gleam fondest thoughts of home,

Cheering your spirit where'er ye roam,

Then live in hope, and work for all,

Obey your Heavenly Father's call,

Illume the souls of one and all,

Reveal the Spirit Home.

MORN OF TRUTH.

A.M.—“*When the day with rosy light.*”

As the morn of truth appears,
Gleaming o'er the moral night,
Darkest clouds of by-gone years
Fast recede before its light.

Oh, we hail with joy its morn,
As brightly glow its roseate hues,
We hail its beauteous, tranquil dawn,
Its soul-refreshing dews.

How its beams shoot bright along
O'er the darkened, gloomy sky,
Cheering Earth's o'erwearied throng,
With its radiance from on high ;
Tinging Nature with a glow,
Which makes her beauteous, fair, and bright,
And lightens misery and woe
With its celestial light.

Brightly dart its beaming rays,
Gleaming o'er thy earthly path ;
Give to God the Father praise,
For the blessings that thou hast.
Labor for the good of all,
And teach them that a higher law,
Bids them obey the Father's call,
Than men have known of yore.

WORK OF LOVE.

AIR.—“*The Willow Song.*”

Brothers, will you come and join us,
In our work for human weal?
Holy is the tie that binds us,
Noble is our fervent zeal.

Go ye forth—exalt your brothers,
In whose heart ye find not love,
Teach them, that with them all others
Share the care of God above.

Go ye forth—and cheer the doubting,
Raise the weary and the sad,
Bid them list to angels shouting,
“Strife shall vanish, man be glad.”

Hasten on the age of glory
Through the kingdom of the earth,
Go, proclaim the angels’ story,
Which in truth has found its birth.

Sound a solemn strain of gladness,
Fill the air with joy and praise,
Earth shall be relieved from sadness,
By the truth in angels’ lays.

BIGOT, SPARE OUR FOLD.

AIR.—“*Woodman, Spare that Tree.*”

Bigot, spare our fold,
Touch not a single hair,
Thy arm uplifted, hold,
Ere it descends—Beware !
It is the angels’ voice,
That calls us thus to God,
Then bigot, go thy course,
And stay thy mortal rod.

Man held in ages past
Sweet converse with the blest,
Thus wrote the Book thou hast
 Pressed closely to thy breast :—
When angels come in love
 Now as in olden years,
And call thee from above,
 Wilt thou shrink back in fears ?
When but a little child,
 I loved to list to tales,
About our Father mild,
 Whose goodness never fails :
Who sends his angels bright,
 When cares and trials come,
To clothe the earth with light,
 And lead us to their home.

And now we love to hear,
Those angels sweet and kind,
To lend the listening ear
To the wisdom of their mind.
Thee, bigot, they disarm
Of all thy boasted power ;
Our faith thou canst not harm,
High it shall ever tower.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

Oh come to the bowers of light,
Ye children of the night,
Where gales from heavenly plains
Breathe soft angelic strains.

Oh come to the angel bowers,
In the cloud-capped hills and towers,
And list to the strains of praise,
There mingled with angels' lays.

Oh come to the mansions pure,
Where bliss must e'er endure,
And truth and wisdom learn
In all things to discern.

Oh come, and be you free,
Where you may ever be,
Children of hope and joy,
Redeemed from Earth's alloy.

Oh come to heavenly spheres,
Where Grief sheds not her tears,
But all is joy and peace,
And love and bliss increase.

Oh all ye souls arise,
In rapture to the skies,
Cast off the wealth of Earth,
Seek gems of purer worth.

LOOK TO THE FUTURE.

AIR.—“*The Old Folks at Home.*”

Oh look not back on by-gone ages,
Wisdom to find,
For on the Present's living pages,
Light of the old 's combined.
The truth of God is ever shining,
Holy and bright,
All round the earth its beams are twining,
Garlands of radiant light.

Turn not to the faint beams glancing,
O'er the gloomy Past,
But gaze on varied glories dancing,
Bright in the Future vast.

Oh why should man his steps retracing,
Turn from the light ?
Oh from the mind all fear erasing,
Press to yon radiance bright ;
It comes from Truth divinely beaming,
Round God's bright throne,
Then why should man shrink from its gleaming,
His soul in terror thrown ?
Turn not to the faint beams glancing, &c.

Be firm and patient in each duty,
Journey along,
And brightest forms of varied beauty,
Shall on your vision dawn.
Let hate nor malice gather never,
Dark in your soul,
Let each to-morrow find you ever,
Nearer Perfection's goal.
Turn not to the faint beams glancing, &c.

LOVE ALL.

AIR.—“*Love Not.*”

Love all, love all,—the God that made thy soul,
And gifted it with powers divine and high,
Hath formed all souls o'er whom Time's billows
roll,
And gifted each with powers that cannot die.

Love all, love all,—oh turn not thou in scorn
From those, whom Fortune has not made her
pets ; [torn]
Think'st thou that pureness from the breast is
Where Wealth withholds her glittering cor-
onets ?

Love all, love all,—seek not the proud and great,
On whom to lavish all thy love and praise,
But seek for those, whom dread Affliction's
weight [raise].
Has bowed to earth, and strive their souls to

Love all, love all of every clime and land,
Whate'er their color, or whate'er their tongue,
Let love extend to all as to *one* band,
Round which, the love of God is richly flung.

Love all, love all,—thy mission is to all,
To raise the drooping, and to cheer the sad,
To burst the chains of Superstition's thrall,
And make the captive's heart beat free and
glad.

SPIRIT VOICES.

HEAVENLY BEAUTIES.

LIGHT OF PROGRESSION.

AIR.—“*When roses wild were blooming.*”

Progression’s light is dawning,
Across the troubled earth,
Behold the rays of morning,
Stream to the lonely hearth.

They fill the heart with gladness,
Enwreathe the face with smiles;
Chase from the soul all sadness,
And thoughts of care beguile.

They fill the eye with brightness,
And fix its gaze on high,
Where all is joy and lightness,
And beauties never die.

They bring the angels' story,
And fill the heart with hope,
Revealing bright the glory,
That Love and Wisdom ope.

Oh brother, heed the warning,
And elevate thy mind,
Rise on the beams of morning,
And Wisdom's treasures find.

Wherever Love shall call thee,
Go firmly on thy way,
Let hate nor scorn deter thee,
But shed on all thy ray.

Expand thy soul with beauty,
With joyous love and trust,
Neglect no more thy duty,
But be thou ever just.

STAR OF TRUTH.

A.M.—“Twilight Dews.”

Bright star of Truth, thy radiant beams
Pierce e'en the earth's dark gloom,
A glory from thy glimmerings gleams,
That lights us to the tomb.

Oh not the tomb, that man has made
The prison of the soul,
There to abide, till all have paid
The debt on Nature's scroll.

But to the tomb in which we place,
Much of our earthly lore,
And from our minds all thoughts erase,
Of sin forevermore.

Thence the freed spirit takes its flight,
From Error's darksome way,
And guided by thy holy light,
Soars to eternal day.

Upward and onward is its course,
Towards God, the Source of Light,
Where flowers and gems each has a voice,
To guide the soul aright.

*Spirit Voices
NATURE.*

AIR.—“Coronation.”

How beautiful the woods appear,
Arrayed in living green,
Oh what a sweet and gladsome cheer,
Is felt amid the scene.

Nature is not disturbed by art,
But dwells serene and calm,
She speaks unto the wounded heart,
Conveys to it a balm.

She points to that Great Mind on high,
That spoke her into birth,
And spread the vast, ethereal sky,
O'er all the scenes of earth.

She shows by her example bright,
Her sweet, harmonious course,
How we should seek to learn aright
The teachings of His voice.

Oh let us imitate her ways,
And keep ourselves as pure,
And send up fervent songs of praise,
To Him who shall endure.

To Him who clothes our beauteous earth,
And sheds around His love,
Who sends His messengers of truth,
To lead to Him above.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

AIR.—“*The Mountain Maid's Invitation.*”

Home, home, home,
Brightest beams, light the way,
To celestial, endless day,
To that home where glories play
Ever round the soul ;
Journey onward, never tire,
Let your breathings high aspire,
Where from each angel lyre
Anthems ever roll.

Home, home, home,
Oh its joys, oh its gems,
Far outshine earth's diadems,
Gracing those immortal realms
With their beauties fair.
Gems of mercy, gems of love,
Deck those inner courts above,
Holy Peace, gentle dove,
Dwells in calmness there.

Home, home, home,
Oh the soul, in that home,
Shall o'er fields of knowledge roam,
Far above that vanlted dome,
That ethereal sky ;
There the soul with soul shall twine
Forming bands of love divine,
Wisdom's light, shall e'er shine,
In that home on high.

LOVE REIGNS IN HEAVEN.

Bright are the hopes and joy,
Of the blest world,
Where naught can ever cloy,
Bliss yet untold.
Calm is the future life,
Gentle and sweet,
Unknown is bitter strife,
Where brethren meet.

Love, love, supremely reigns,
In that blest home,
Soft sound its thrilling strains,
Through Heaven's dome :
Gladly the angels meet
Spirits above,
Joyous their hearts e'er beat,
Lively with love.

Pure is the beauteous light,
Shining on high,
Making each pathway bright,
Beyond the sky ;
Now stream those heavenly rays,
Down to the earth,
Holy their radiance plays,
Round the new birth.

On those celestial beams,
Angels descend,
In them a beauty gleams,
Bright glories blend ;
List, oh ye mortal choirs ;
They strike the chord ;
Sing to their heavenly lyres,
In sweet accord.

A LIFE IN THE SPIRIT LANDS.

AIR.—“*A Life on the Ocean Wave.*”

A life in the Spirit Lands,
A home in the azure deep,
Where the bright-eyed angel bands
Their holy vigils keep.
Oh that is the home for the soul,
Immortal by nature and birth,
Where waters of truth ever roll,
And the soul is beloved for its worth.

Oh, progress is ever sure
In heaven, the home of the free,
For the soul is baptized and made pure
In water of truth’s living sea.
And up it shall ever be led
By sweet angels around, above,
To drink of the great Fountain Head,
The infinite Source of Love.

And thus shall all souls be robed
In garments of spotless white,
The mansions of bliss shall be oped,
The spirit be filled with delight.
Well guarded with tender care
By each sweet and loving Guide,
They shall hold rich communion there
With God, and in wisdom abide.

And they shall go firmly on,
 And truly and nobly strive,
 Nor rest till the goal be won,
 And they at perfection arrive.
 And as they thus journey along,
 That matchless and peerless host,
 They shall tune their sweet harps to a song,
 And heaven shall ring with their notes.

Oh sing to the God of Love,
 Who made such a home as this,
 Who draws the sad spirit above,
 To dwell in the mansions of bliss.
 And oh, while you stay on earth,
 Remember the world to come,
 Prepare for the heavenly birth,
 The life in eternity's home.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

AIR.—“*Home, Sweet Home.*”

Though far o'er the wide earth our footsteps
 may roam,
 The soul ever pants for its glorious home,
 It turns from the Earth with its treasures and
 gems,
 To Heaven, and longs for its glorious realms.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
 The soul ever pants for its glorious home.

Earth's waters of mirth and of pleasure may roll,
Still, still, there's a void in the depth of the soul,
It feels that its joys are not sacred and true,
If 'tis not refreshed by its home's purest dew,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The soul ever pants for its glorious home.

When crowds gather round and Earth's revels
run high,

The glare of excitement may light up the eye,
But dimmed would its sight be when dark sor-
rows come, [home.

If the soul should reflect not the light of its
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The soul ever pants for its glorious home.

When the soul bursts its chains, e'en the cold
glazing eye

Betokens its rapture while soaring on high,
The soul, as it flies to the angels' embrace,
Flings one lingering beam from its home o'er
the face.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The soul ever pants for its glorious home.

STAR OF PROGRESS.

AIR.—“*The Fairy Boy.*”

Star of Progress, guide us onward,
By thy ever glorious light,
May our motto e'er be—“Onward,
Swerve not to the left nor right.”

Shed thy rays across our pathway,
As thou shinest from afar ;
E'en the glare of earthly noonday
Can not quench thy light, bright star.

Oh, illume our souls when Sorrow
Gathers clouds around our hearts,
Show to us the joyous morrow,
Which but life and joy imparts.

Oh we greet thy beams with gladness,
Promise of a brighter day,
Which shall chase away all sadness,
While bright glories round us play.

Shine thou on, thou starry token,
Of the joys that are to come,
When by love's bright chain unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home.

DAY OF TRUTH.

AIR—"How Beautiful the Morning."

How glorious the sunlight,
Across the eastern sky,
While tints of varied dye,
Bedeck the clouds on high,
Bright dart the rays at hour of dawn,
Thus ushering in the joyous morn,
The birds send up their merry lays,
And carol forth the Father's praise.

More glorious still the brightness,
Of truth's celestial light,
It beams from Heaven's height,
And makes the gloom of night,
Give place to far more glorious day,
Than e'er has blessed man's mortal way :
Discloses angels as they bring
Sweet nectar from Love's dewy spring.

Then mortals, rouse from slumbers,
That now enshroud the soul,
And as life's billows roll,
Look forward to the goal,
Where all are filled with pure delight,
And bathed in Heaven's resplendent light,
Where all obey Love's lightest call,
And God alone is all in all.

HOUR OF COMMUNION.

Oh hour of calm communion
With spirits that we love,
Of blest and holy unison
With brighter spheres above,
We prize the gentle lessons,
Thou bring'st from angel bands,
The sweet and peaceful knowledge
Of our Father's just commands.

Oh may'st thou oft return to bless,
Our pilgrimage below,
And bring to us the soft caress,
That angels loved bestow ;
We love to hear the music,
Which breathes in every air,
That's gently wafted to us,
From Heaven serenely fair.

We love to hear the murmurings sweet,
Of guardian angels near,
To know they guide our wandering feet,
To waters pure and clear,
To know they soothe and comfort,
Our souls when faint and sad ;
This lightens every sorrow,
And makes our spirits glad.

THE SPIRIT HOME.

Bright is the light of the spirit home,
Purely it shines through the glittering dome,
Arching around, and above, below ;
Bright is the home where all freed souls go.

Deep is the bliss of the heavenly life,
Lifted above the Earth's woes and strife,
Calmly it rolls on its endless course,
Guided and soothed by the Father's voice.

Lustrous and bright is the Sun of Truth,
Shining on souls of old age and youth,
Clothing fair Nature in robes of light,
Filling its caverns with radiance bright.

Angels of Heaven are coming now,
Gently are circling each mortal brow,
Breathing their strains of rich truth above ;
Mortals, oh list, to their lays of love.

PRAISE TO GOD.

God of Heaven, praises sound
Joyful through the land,
From the Earth's remotest bound,
To its inmost strand.
Songs triumphant swell the soul,
Gratefully they rise,
Far above the earth they roll,
Piercing through the skies.

Love is writ on all below,
On the stars above,
Waters murmur as they flow,
God is boundless love.
Man re-echoes in his heart,
Nature's songs of praise,
Joy and life her words impart,
To his feeble lays.

Angels swell thy name on high,
Heavenly harps they tune,
Sweetly sounding through the sky,
“ Love shall conquer soon !”
May that love our thoughts subdue,
With its chastening power,
Guide us with its wisdom true,
Through life's fleeting hour.

BREAK OF DAY.

AIR.—“When other friends are round thee.”

A mellow light is spreading
Across the darkened sky,
A beauteous light is gleaming,
Proclaiming dawn is nigh.

The night is swiftly fleeing,
Before the rays of light,
And darkness quick receding,—
The face of earth grows bright.

’Tis the holy hour of twilight,
Now stealing o'er the land,
Oh treasure well the radiance,
That streams from God's right hand.

Oh man, a noble lesson
Those heavenly rays contain,
May thy sealed heart be opened,
To hear that sweetest strain.

The stars so lately glittering,
Are faded and are gone,
Their feeble light grows waning,
In the brightness of the sun.

The night is Error's darkness,
O'ershadowing the earth,
Obscuring light and virtue,
Concealing rays of truth.

The twilight is the beaming
From the beauteous spirit-world,
The herald of the morning,
Of glory yet untold.

The stars bespeak the glimmering,
Which minds advanced have caught,
Of truth's celestial radiance,
Of light by angels brought.

E'en now their brightness merges
In universal day,
When earth shall be illumined
By one eternal ray.

That day is fast advancing,
The glorious sun shall rise,
And light from Heaven glancing,
Shall bless all mortal eyes.

DAY OF REDEMPTION.

AIR.—“*What Fairy-Like Music.*”

Rejoice, for the day of redemption is nigh,
And songs of hosannas sound loud through the
sky,

The angels are tuning their harps to sweet songs
Of joy, that blest Freedom o’ershadows Earth’s
throngs.

Behold, how the clouds of deep gloom gather
dark, [hark!

Enshrouding the Earth in their pall, and oh,
A loud peal of thunder is rending the air,
And earth is lit up by the lightning’s red glare.

The storm of collision ere long shall be past,
The clouds shall be rolled from Earth’s kingdom
at last, [plains,

The thunder of war shall be hushed on the
The cannon no more shall send forth its fierce
flames.

The bright sun of Truth has pierced through
the dark clouds, [shrouds,
And mortals shall soon be released from the
In which they lie buried in Error’s dim grave,
And come forth to the light which has power to
save.

PURITY AND LOVE.

AIR.—“*Bonnie Doon.*”

Oh Fount of Purity and Love,
Thou com’st from realms divine above,
How brightly do thy waters glow,
As on, and down, they ever flow.

Thou comest from our God above,
Oh thou art redolent with love,
Thy waters shall our souls embalm,
And fiercest storms of passion calm.

They shall expand our souls to know
Deep pity for another’s woe,
To feel that all mankind are one,
Of every clime and every tongue.

They ever shall our joys increase,
Giving our souls unbounded peace,
Circling our thoughts with haloes bright
Of heaven’s reflected, glorious light.

Our God is merciful and just,
Oh let us place in Him our trust;
Waters of love flow o’er each plain,
Oh drink, and never thirst again.

DAUGHTER, I'M NEAR.

AIR.—“*The Sister's Call.*”

Surrounded by cares of sense,
Oft haunted by grim suspense,
A mortal with grief intense,
Mourned her sad lot ;
She prayed but that Death might come,
And transport her soul to roam,
Through courts of the future home,
Where grief comes not.

But lo ! like the gentle dove,
There came from the realms above,
Bright emblems of hope and love,
To that sad heart.

Behold ! angel forms divine,
Descend to that soul, and twine
Pure brilliants that brightly shine,
Strength to impart.

Oh list ! a sweet angel voice
Commands that sad soul, rejoice,
And look on her future course,
With eye of hope.

It whispers that o'er her way,
There shines a celestial ray,
Conducting to endless day,
Where glories ope.

And now when dark sorrows sheathe,
Or when brightest joys enwreathe,
She hears that loved spirit breathe,
Daughter, I'm near.
And oh, how her soul rebounds,
To know that when near Earth's bound,
That voice shall like music sound,
Daughter, come here.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Oh how beauteous it would be,
Friendship, Love, and Truth to see,
Reign triumphant o'er the land,
Joining mortals in a band,
That shall e'er united be,
In the bonds of harmony.

Then would heaven on earth descend,
Truth with pleasure then would blend,
Man would feel allied to those,
Who o'er all triumphant rose,
And now dwell beyond the sky,
Tuning their bright harps on high.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

AIR.—“*The Rose that all are praising.*”

A gem of magic power,
Is seen in yonder sky,
’Twill change affliction’s hour,
To bliss that cannot die ;
Its rays consume all guilt and woe, ^W
And make the earth with beauty glow,
Reveal each vale and height,
Bathed in celestial light.

A gem is brightly sparkling,
Above the world below ;
And where Grief hovers darkling,
Its beams most purely glow :
It sheds its radiance round the heart,
And shall through life, a strength impart
To cheer the fainting soul,
While billows fearful roll.

Those gems so brighty gleaming,
The spirit eye beholds ;
As radiance from them streaming,
Their glory bright unfolds ;
Oh fix the gaze on yonder gems,
That shine in those immortal realms,
The courts of joy above ;
Those gems are Truth and Love.

'TIS QUIET HOUR.

AIR.—“*Tis Midnight Hour.*”

'Tis quiet hour ; the angels come
On shafts of beauteous, living light,
To bid man's feet no longer roam,
But turn to mansions bright.

Then roam no more, but let thy steps
Ascend to realms of Truth divine,
And gather gems within their depths
Around thy heart to shine.

'Tis quiet hour ; the angels sing ;
To Earth descends that radiant host ;
O'er mountain, dell, and valley ring
Their sweet, celestial notes.

Then banish care, and calm thy thought,
And Heaven's blest choir shall draw
more near,

And breathe to thee a lesson fraught,
With Heaven's richest cheer.

'Tis quiet hour, and o'er the soul
Flit visions bright of loved ones come,
To whisper thee, life's billows roll
To waft Earth's children home.

Then lift thy mind from scenes of Earth,
To dwell on Spheres of light above,
Where harmony and joy have birth,
And hearts are joined in love.

SONG OF PROGRESS.

AIR.—“*Isle of Beauty.*”

Hark! a joyous song is stealing
O'er our sad and troubled lands,
Waking in man's heart the feeling
Of deep love for God's commands.

Angels sound those notes of gladness
With a sweet and thrilling voice,
Chasing from man's heart all sadness,
Bidding every soul rejoice.

Calling man to flee from error,
And to gather wisdom pure,
Which shall free his heart from terror,
Give him peace that shall endure.

Progress, progress is the burden
Of that heavenly, angel song ;
Progress, progress is its burden,
Echo it, ye mortal throng.

BATTLE FOR RIGHT.

AIR.—“*Scots wha hae.*”

Brothers, join in banded might,
Battle only for the right,
Guided by the radiant light
 Of the Sun of Truth.
Firmly climb the rugged way,
And to God, the Father, pray,
While ye struggle in the fray,
 With the strength of youth.

Shout aloud His holy name,
Sound His praise with loud acclaim,
While ye make proud Error's frame
 Tremble in the dust.
Love, your Guardian firm and true,
Ever kept in steady view,
Shall, in glory's richest hue
 Paint your fervent trust.

Let your patience ne'er expire,
But let every scene inspire
With an ardent, fresh desire
 For the victory won.
Never falter till ye see
Minds of every clime and sea,
Under Truth's broad canopy
 Gathered into one.

LIST, LIST. THE ANGELS' STRAIN.

AIR.—“*The Mountain Wave.*”

List, list, the angels' strain

Fleats on the air,

Echoes on every plain

Distant and near.

Hark, hark, they loudly sing

Praises on high,

To their Almighty King

Beyond the sky.

See, see, the angels come,

Clustering around,

Breathing of Heaven's dome,

Of Truth profound ;

Bringing to man on earth

Heavenly light,

Treasures of priceless worth,

Glorious and bright.

Raise, raise, your thoughts above,

To their bright home,

Learn of their deathless love

Never to roam,

But by your duty bound,

Ever progress ;

Truth's light is never found

Back to digress.

GUARDIAN OF LOVE.

AIR.—“*My own one.*”

Methinks I hear a voice,
Harmonious, clear, and soft,
One that has made my heart rejoice
In by gone years so oft,

And yet it can not be,
The time long since has sped,
Since that bright form was borne from me
To mansions of the dead.

But hark! again I hear
Those tones so sweet and low
Fall gently on my listening ear,
In accents deep and slow.

Oh can it be that she,
My glory and my pride,
Hath come from Heaven’s bright courts to be
A Guardian at my side ?

It is, it must be she ;
I feel e’en while I speak,
The token of her love for me
Impressed upon my cheek.

Oh, what a blissful thought!
To feel that thou art near,
Thy every feeling richly fraught
With love my course to cheer.

When evils throng my way,
I'll look to thee as guide,
To lead my thoughts where glories play,
And souls in truth abide.

And when Death's form draws nigh,
My soul with thine shall twine,
And Heaven's bright spheres shall greet my
eye,
As scenes of Earth decline.

MISSION OF ANGELS.

AIR.—“Believe me, if all those.”

The angels come from their blest abode,
They come from the land of peace,
To lift from the heart its oppressive load,
To work for the soul's release.

They come from the bright and effulgent sky,
They come from the bowers of love,
To raise the thoughts of mankind on high,
To dwell on the spheres above.

They come from the glorious mansions bright,
They come from the courts of day,
To shed on the soul the resplendent light,
That beams o'er their heaven-born way.
They come from the land of harmonious thought,
They come from the realms of joy,
To tell that their lives are richly fraught
With bliss in their high employ.

They come from the regions of Truth divine,
They come from the heavenly plains,
Where the rays of Wisdom unclouded shine,
And glory unfading reigns.
They come with their tokens of deathless love,
They twine round the spirit pure
A garland of gems from the spheres above,
To shield it from earthly lure.

They come to restrain and to guide the powers
Of man in his life below,
To lighten the cares of his earthly hours,
With joys that divinely glow.
They come to infuse in the soul a love
For goodness and truth sublime,
For wisdom, that circles the home above,
And descends through the vale of Time.

TO A SISTER.

AIR.—“*My Heart and Lute.*”

Sweet sister, may thy life be spent
In scattering blessings round ;
By thee, may Error’s chain be rent,
Her captives be unbound.

Arise, go forth, awake the soul,
For Nature’s gentle hand
Her works and glories wide unroll,
In brightness o’er the land.

Oh lead the soul to God above
Through Nature’s works divine ;
In them, He opes to us His love,
In them, His glories shine.

Dispel dull Sorrow’s brooding care
By mercy’s gentle tone,
And teach the sad to raise their prayer,
In trust to God’s high throne.

Thus spent, thy life will e’er be blest,
And happiness be thine,
Wisdom shall clasp thee to her breast,
And Love around thee twine.

THE ARMOR OF LOVE.

AIR.—“*Ben Bolt.*”

The angels are bringing the armor of love
To bind on the human soul,
They come from the bowers divine above,
Where waters of Truth ever roll.
It shall be your shield in the midst of the fight,
When battling with Error’s shafts,
And shall draw from Heaven the glorious light,
Which the breath of the angels wafts.

Oh it shall resist the poisonous dart,
Of Envy and Jealousy’s rage,
And turn it back on the Giver’s heart
To point to the inner page,
Where the laws of God are deeply engraved,
And never can be effaced,
Though the soul of man may be sore depraved,
And goodness be nearly erased.

Mortals, receive it in peace divine,
As the shield of your earthly life,
And look to the beams that from Heaven shine
To protect you midst battle and strife.
Be filled with the peace that the angels know,
While reading the laws of love;
Ere long, shall the waters of Truth o’erflow,
The earth from the spheres above.

THERE IS A JOYOUS HOME.

AIR.—“*There is a happy land.*”

There is a joyous home,
Bright, brighter far,
Than Earth’s ethereal dome
Studded with stars.

There sparkle Wisdom’s gems,
Forming richest diadems ;
In those immortal realms
Sin cannot mar.

Thence comes a happy band,
Angels of light,
All joining hand in hand,
Toiling for Right.
Gladly they wing their way
From the bright, resplendent day,
That holy glories may
Make Earth more bright.

Hark ! how they loudly sing
Truth’s notes divine ;
Garlands of love they bring,
Round man to twine.
They strive all souls to bind
In one vast, harmonious mind,
Where thought may be enshrined
In Wisdom’s mine.

RIVER OF TRUTH.

AIR.—“*The Carrier Dove.*”

Bright river of Truth, flow on, flow on,
Thy waters are deep and free,
There's naught, that can make the heart so
strong,
As the song of thy mirthful glee.
Oh, thou wilt entice the hearts of men,
By thy murmurs low and clear,
From crime and pollution's horrid den,
Thy music soft to hear.

And nearer, more near, shall draw the soul,
To thy calm and peaceful waves,
Till round it, thy billows proudly roll,
And it in thy glory laves.
Oh, holy and pure are those, who bathe
In thy pearly, crystal stream,
No envy to them has power to scathe
While brightly thy diamonds gleam.

Thou flowest from God, the Source divine,
The Fount of Nature's life,
He fills thee with gems that ever shine
And sparkle with glories rife.
Then onward, flow on, thou river pure,
Flow on in thy destined course ;
Thy mission's divine, thy triumph sure,
All, all shall obey thy voice.

ANGEL VOICES.

AIR.—“*My Heart is not yet broken.*”

A murmuring sweet of voices
Strikes soft upon my ear,
Oh how my soul rejoices
To hear that gladsome cheer.
I love the waters rushing,
When the stream is raging high,
Or the low and gentle hushing
Of the streamlet rippling by.

I love the merry warbling
Of birds in every vale ;
I love their lay ennobling
When hope and courage fail.
I love the beauteous flowers
On mountain, hill, and dell,
With them to pass my hours,
And list their music swell.

I love to watch the moonbeam
As it falls across the wave,
And makes each billow's crest gleam
Bright as a mermaid's cave.
I love the twinkling starlight,
Its soft and mellow hue ;
A sweet and loving glance bright,
It pictures to my view.

Oh yes, from all things gushing,
The notes of praise arise ;
All Nature bright is blushing,
In glorious tints and dyes.
But o'er my soul is stealing
A music far more sweet,
Its anthems rich are pealing
Where'er I turn my feet.

When midst the noisy bustle
Of toil, and care, and strife,
I hear a gentle rustle,
Breathe of a better life ;
It nerves my soul to action,
And makes my courage strong,
To raze the walls of Faction,
The fortresses of Wrong.

When earth seems lone and dreary,
And wears an aspect sad,
It bids me not be weary,
But joyous, bright, and glad.
I love its holy praises
Across my soul to sweep ;
My prayers and thoughts it raises
By its tones so pure and deep.

And now when toil is ended,
And thought sinks to repose,
Its harmony is blended
With all my griefs and woes.
I love to list its breathing,
When Peace in triumph reigns,
And Love my soul is wreathing
With flowers from Heaven's plains.

It is the angels' voices,
Thus stealing o'er my soul ;
Oh how my soul rejoices,
To hear their anthems roll.
And oh, I love the Father,
Who sends the angel host,
Around our homes to gather,
And cheer us with their notes.

HAIL! YE ANGELS.

AIR.—“*Hail Columbia.*”

Hail! ye angels—glorious bright!
Hail! ye messengers of light!
Who waft our souls to spheres above,
To drink at founts of life and love,
To bathe in Heaven's celestial day,
Illumined, bright by Wisdom's ray.

We hail with joy your influence blest ;
It lulls our troubled thoughts to rest,
Pervades our souls with peace divine,
Makes countless glories round us shine.

Ever let our prayers ascend,
Ever let our footsteps bend
To the throne of God above,
Source of Wisdom, Life, and Love.

Hail ! ye angels—loving band !
Hail from Heaven's immortal land ;
Ye speed to Earth to join mankind
In one serene, harmonious mind ;
Ye spread your wings o'er scenes of woe
And bid the airy phantoms go—
Earth's mists, its clouds, its deep'ning
gloom,
The darkness of the mortal tomb,
All vanish'neath the cheering beams
Of light, which round thy presence gleam.

Hail ! ye angels, to our home,
Never shall our footsteps roam,
But with you, we'll tread the way
To the heavenly courts of day.

SOUND, SOUND THE TRUMP OF JOY.

Sound, sound the trump of joy,
In rapture o'er the plains,
Let praise your thoughts employ,
And echo heavenly strains.

The angels bright perceive the power,
That hangs around man's earthly bower.

Hark, hark, the angel's sound
Their notes along the sky ;
To earth's remotest bound,
Their lays in power fly.

They lift man's thoughts to spheres above,
And fill his heart with heavenly love.

Press, press toward truth divine,
Where flowers immortal bloom,
Where glories ever shine,
Repelling night and gloom.

Look forth in hope to future years,
When earth shall blend with higher spheres.

LOVE.

AIR.—“Fresh and Strong.”

Love is a sweet, immortal thing,
Dwelling within the soul,
Sweet peace and comfort does it bring,
When tempests round us roll.

No chains of earth confine its flight,
It soars through earth and sky,
It pierces to the Source of Light,
The Father, the Most High.

It travels round and round the earth,
Seeking not sin and shame,
But searching for interior worth,
Which pure from Heaven came.

Love hovers round the homes of all,
E'en those of guilt and woes,
As well as those that heed the call,
Which from the Father flows.

It takes each brother by the hand,
And leads his soul above,
And shows a bright, fair spirit-land,
Where all are ruled by Love.

ELEVATION OF MIND.

AIR.—“Remember Me.”

Oh cherish well the mind divine,
The reason God hath given,
Around it brightest glories shine,
Its holy home is heaven.

Chain not to earth, the noble powers,
Implanted in the soul;
Unfold them through life's earthly hours,
While griefs and pleasures roll.

Lift up the soul to heaven above,
To dwell on spheres of light,
Where hearts are redolent with love,
Where home is ever bright.

Oh, praise the God, who dwells on high,
For all the glorious gems,
Which stud the home beyond the sky,
Heaven's high and holy realms.

BEAUTIES OF HEAVEN.

AIR.—“*Don't Kill the Birds.*”

Sister, when troubles round thee come,
Let not thy spirit faint,
But look with faith to thy bright home,
And let thy fancy paint.

Yes, let thy Fancy' paint thee scenes,
A bright and lovely home,
Throughout which, joy resplendent seems,
To bid each mortal come.

A home where beauteous angels dwell
Radiant with living truth,
Where they, their joyous chorus swell
To God, the Fount of Truth.

Fancy may paint in colors bright
Her gorgeous, glowing scenes ;
Imagination may excite,
And shed o'er all her beams.

Still, sister, this fair scene shall fail
To picture unto thee
That home, that all at last shall hail
Throughout eternity.

A VISION OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

A child sat with uplifted eyes,
Gazing with rapture on the skies,
He seemed to pierce the deep'ning blue,
To search beyond the azure hue,
For lo ! a gleam of peerless light
Glanced o'er his face with radiance bright ;
A smile of joy his lips enwreathed,
They parted—and he gently breathed.

“ Oh mother, dost come for thy darling boy,
To bear him aloft to thy scenes of joy ?
Dost bend to the earth thy wings of light,
To carry his soul to those regions bright,
To lands, where the tints of the rainbow vie
With glories and beauties that never die,
Where the soul is bathed in celestial love,
And is peaceful and calm as the gentle dove ? ”

He ceased, then bent his listening ear,
While accents from that mother dear
Seemed sinking deep within his soul,
For gently o'er his visage stole
A look of mingled trust and hope,
As though the gates of heaven ope,
And truths upon his spirit broke,—
He smiled serene, then calmly spoke.

“ That vision of light from thy radiant shore,
Blest mother, hath taught me to weep no more
But to share with others my cup of love,
So freely replenished from founts above.
I can bear the scoffs of the feelingless world,
Since I know that the angels, with pinions un-
furled,
Are hovering with joy round my grief-stricken
ways,
Dispersing the gloom with their heaven-born
rays.”

INVITATION TO MORTALS.

Mortals, cast aside the chains,
Which your souls so long have worn,
Come, where love unbounded reigns,
Come, by guardian angels borne.

Come, where soul responds to soul,
And where thought re-echoes thought,
Where the waves of wisdom roll,
Where the gems of truth are sought.

Cast aside the cares of earth
For the gems of truth and love;
Mortals, pass the glorious birth,
Enter into life above.

DUTIES OF MORTALS.

Sister, go forth like an angel of light,
And work out thy mission divine,
Reflect on all souls the radiance bright,
Yon Heaven hath pictured on thine.

How noble thy work, how divine thy employ,
Outpouring thy cup of love ;
Perhance, thou mayst give to the mourner,
joy,
Ere the soul wings its flight above.

Be tender and gentle to all below,
And exalt the soul divine,
Reclaim the wand'ring from sin and woe,
Yea, lead them to Truth's holy shrine.

Hope points thee aloft to the realms divine,
Encircled by gems of light,
Celestial their glories shall ever shine,
Keeping thee firm to the right.

BEAUTIES OF THE FUTURE LIFE.

AIR.—“*By cool Siloam's shady rill.*”

Death is a beauteous happy change,
All should delight to meet,
That passed, the soul is free to range,
And boundless knowledge greet.

When mortal eyes are closed on earth,
The inner eyes are oped,
Their vision is of far more worth,
Than ever man has hoped.

The glory of the Spirit world,
By man is not conceived,
Its beauties must remain untold,
They cannot be believed.

But oh, my friend, rich beauties rare
Wait thee when thou art drawn,
Away from thy great world of care,
To dwell in truth's bright morn.

Let faith, then, light thee on thy way,
To thy eternal home,
There thou shalt dwell in brightest day,
No cloud shall o'er thee come.

There thou shalt ever onward press,
Towards the all-perfect God ;
Thou shalt His name for ever bless,
And sing His praises loud.

Thou shalt be one of a joyous band,
Through Heaven's bright courts to roam ;
Let praises sound throughout the land,
Heaven is man's future home.



THE HEAVENLY DAY HAS COME.

See Beauty, Right, and Truth advance,
Look up, oh man, and catch the glance,
That streameth from those eyes of light,
To make thy earthly pathway bright.

Bethold, the heavenly day has come,
No more shall man in error roam,
Without a friend, without a guide,
To lead him where the good abide.

INSPIRATION OF THE SOUL.

A deep and holy inspiration swells
Within my inmost soul,
And there its wondrous emanation dwells,
Gaining a sweet control
O'er all my feelings, thoughts, and living hopes,
Keeping them subject still,
While it, its glorious revelation opes,
Obedient to its will.

My thoughts seem bound as if by magic spell,
While those pure, living tides
Of wisdom, knowledge, inspiration swell,
And to my soul, are guides.
My spirit seems expanded into space,
To cull the flowers of love
From every beauteous form and matchless grace
In spheres of light above,
And on the earth beneath. I long to look
On all that's good and true;
Page after page of Nature's glorious book
Is opening to my view; [soul,
Wisdom and knowledge course throughout my
Lifting it far from earth, [unroll
In sweet commune with minds, whose thoughts
The wide expanse of truth;

Where light unveiled, the powers of mind dis-
 And by its impress fine [plays,
 The thoughts of one are mirrored by its rays
 On other souls divine. [scenes
 Oh would that earth could picture forth such
 Of perfect bliss and joy; [screens,
 That thoughts might pass without the wordy
 That men alone employ.
 But now I feel a still, small voice exclaim,
 "That streams of love shall flow, [claim,
 And boundless peace, her mission wide pro-
 O'er all the world below;
 That man to angel hosts shall be allied,
 And earth become a heaven,
 And truth and wisdom, which are now denied,
 To each and all be given."

PRESENCE OF SPIRITS.

AIR.—“*Long, Long Ago.*”

Weep not for those who have passed from thy
 They are not gone, are not gone. [sight;
 Round thee, they hover on pinions of light;
 They are not gone, are not gone.
 Fondly they watch thee as guardians of love,
 Seeking to guide thee where'er thou mayst rove,
 Striving to lead thee to bright courts above;
 They are not gone, are not gone.

Knowest thou not in the stillness of night
They are not gone, are not gone ?
Seest thou not in thy visions of light
They are not gone, are not gone ?
Feelest thou not their bright presence in
dreams,
Casting about thee their radiant beams,
Light, which around them unceasingly gleams ?
They are not gone, are not gone.

Hearest thou not words of love in thy soul ?
They are not gone, are not gone.
Breathings of music thy passions control ;
They are not gone, are not gone.
Gently they speak to thy mind and thy heart
During the turmoil of life's busy mart,
Seeking to shield from the grief-poisoned dart.
They are not gone, are not gone.

Journey serene then till Earth-life is o'er,
They are not gone, are not gone ;
Then they will guide thee to Heaven's bright
They are not gone, are not gone, [shore,
Then they will circle thy spirit in light,
Robing it fair for its heavenward flight,
To the blest mansions of radiance bright.
They are not gone, are not gone.

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